

Joe Budden

"Pain in My Life"

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Intro] [Joe Budden talking] They call it Slaughterhouse for a reason nigga I hope this nigga can fight better than he can diss Joey? Hahaha. Nigga fell for the trap Whoa! I told y'all! Uh, Joey! Nigga fell for the mouse trap Nigga put cheese right on the mouse trap You came right to it. Dick La-la-Look It's like a lose/lose already my rep ruined How I beat dude we know will accept losing? Me? Underachiever was an underachiever Almost thought that you would come with the +Ether+ I know he got niggas in his camp like "Spaz on him.", gassin' him, bafflin' him Real talk, some don't wanna see ya Scram shoulda put both hands around ya neck Said you better get ya head fucked from under the cleaver I'm the one that'll beast ya You got a gut feeling you hot, I think you can't stomach a fever Can't think of why a wack nigga want it with me for I leave my mark on you like it's one of ya features Then ask how it feel to have Maino face I'm way ahead man, this ain't no race Stop playing, I'm the bomb with the pen I'm more like a bomb with no pin How the fuck is Saigon gonna win? He a loss of interest Talking bout my son is senseless So I make sure the dude can't see, smell or hear Can't touch, can't taste, now he defenseless Cause ain't a bullet in this world he can bench press Speak Tahiri, I'ma speak Austin The one that'll suck ya dick if you flossin' Game old bitch that everybody was tossin' The one that you literally begged for that abortion So we both gone wild See we both love hoes and that's just our style But Sai if you think it's different my nigga you goin senile I just kiss mine and yours is the mother of ya child BLAOW! Shots peel at ya entourage Nigga couldn't get a deal on Entourage So like, how is it harder to be me? If I lose in real life? But you can't even win on TV Me I'm probably iller Polly with gorillas in ya lobby with the shottie and chinchillas You a rapper or bodybuilder? I'll have him in the E.R. With Doc tryin' to put him back together like a body builder Please tell me why dude Just Blaze signed Can't even get a bass line outta Baseline Look at the new kid, soundin' stupid Nigga I made Just more money than you did The nerve of the loser Keep trying

to hide weak ass bars behind a working producer In the word of computers, is he M.I.A. Cause he been fell off like Yung Berg on the scooter So him and his base flow need to lay low Couple red lights will ruin his whole stage show And put him on my payroll How he's a Yardfather when I'm dictating where the grave go? Been years, he's taking L's still Turtle couldn't help him, maybe a shell will Don't look like a winner to me Small meal to a pitchfork, you lookin like a dinner to me Plus ya diss track sound like a beginner to me Ya whole shine's like a dimmer to me Fight who nigga? You better know how we get it in Jerz Velcro his tongue, hope dude stick to his word Nigga you'll be in an ally covered And you don't love the kids You just wanna make us think that you Sally Struthers I'll pit you with the worse kind of men Dudes who become everything they condemn You'd think that jail learned him a lesson Until he bragged bout everything he learned in jail Nah, I don't think his struggle is lackin' He did a long bid, came home and had trouble adapting Afraid of adulthood, has trouble relaxin' No choices, had to try his hustle with rappin' Here's a jewel Maybe you should put your first disc out on Amazon Before you go frontin' when the camera on And the poor fans kept the hope But prison was the only place he was next to blow So he calls me a fag like he homophobic Cause they had him on his knees like "Homo, hold it!" Run around, he screamin "Oh don't poke it" It's a small world, how you think Joe don't know it? Guess there's where the lies get deeper Cause he went in a tight end and came out a wide receiver There's bones in your closet that you can't hide Your fans know you went to jail, me I know why Sai, you ain't brolic enough Somebody better play third wheel and try to stop the fuck Cause I'll put it in 5th gear, like who he gonna threaten next? Fill his whole body with metal, now he Weapon X Had the upper hand from go Shirt always off, "How Does It Feel", D'Angelo To get naked like a down hooker? My dudes outta town will book ya Your whole gangsta's +Brown Sugar+ With no point to his vlog, had the world waiting Flexing for ten minutes like he had a girl tape him Just co-signed for you said you had a classic Now he got no time for you, wrote you off on taxes Now he lonely, vulnerable lookin' soft Tried to help him, I been in his shoes, I just took 'em off To put it simply, how could he offend me? I can teach 'em how to live real major on an indie So picture dude upsettin' me Stop complaining and take control of your own fuckin' destiny He blames radio, blames Atlantic Craig Kallman, but I can't blame 'em they panicked Nobody scared he's like hockey Retired for a minute, came

back and nobody cared So for me to take this serious
homes Get Mook, Loaded Lux, Jin maybe Serious Jones
To help write your shit, make it brand anew If not look
for the Nation to Abandon you Be mad at yourself and
ask yourself You know I'm a rap giant, why Plax
yourself? Dude went ahead, axed himself He cut off his
nose to spite his face, Mike Jacked himself Bryan, how
the fuck you think less of me? When you easily the less
MC Thought it'd be fun but that's deaded to me This
point I'm battling my own perception Trying to beat
what's expected of me Nino Bless said you was a bull
too But I'm in wide screen, I ain't see that full view I
know how ya hoe ass felt Make it so you can't eat, put
an extra hole in that belt Ain't a gain in site Cocoa
Chanel ain't the only nigga that'll put a +Pain In his
Life+ Dead weight, get ya head straight Cut the track
off, listen to ya thoughts, checkmate

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